THE New Republic

Defense Policy And the Berlin Controversy—II

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The Life and Soul of the Party

Graham Greene as Entertainer

By HONOR TRACY

Politics and Politicians . . . *Eugene J. McCarthy*

Portrait of Fidel Castro . . . . *Richard Dudman*

Why Fifty States? . . . . . *Gerald W. Johnson*

WHAT ADENAUER'S DECISION MEANS

Reports from Richard Lowenthal, Terence Prittie

APRIL 20, 1959

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Washington Wire

Welcome, Comrades

AMERICA should welcome Communist visitors to this country, not exclude them. Every Soviet tourist who returns to Moscow is on our side in spite of himself. He has seen unimaginable American standards of living which Red propaganda denied. He is bound to tell some of the truth even if he does it in a whisper. Thereby he sows doubt about the whole Soviet propaganda story.

Already Soviet newspapers are ridiculing the US exhibition scheduled for Moscow next July of a $13,000 house, furnished by Macy's for $5,000. Their advance fear shows the vulnerable point in the Communist armor. It is true, of course, that many American workers can't afford such a house. But enormous numbers can, more than in any other nation. It is an argument, of course, of the crudest kind of materialism. It is just the kind of argument Russian masses can understand. They ache for material goods—better living standards. Propaganda deceives them daily in downgrading American standards. And the US assists Soviet propaganda by keeping out Communist visitors who could go home and tell the facts. Of all the follies of the Cold War our ostrich policy toward Moscow and Peking seems the stupidest.

Last week Central Intelligence Chief Allen Dulles said the Soviet economy is leaping ahead at the rate of "9½ percent" a year. By contrast, he said, US annual average industrial growth has advanced only 3.6 percent for the seven years through 1957. He hinted that the comparison would be "even less favorable" if one "included 1958." Indeed it would! For much of 1957 and 1958 US industrial growth stopped. Production actually receded in some months. Average increase was about 1.5 percent, which represents stagnation. This was the more disheartening because, until Eisenhower, the US rate has gradually risen. Fortunately the rate is temporarily bounding upward again to fill the long gap.

The question is whether US growth will not level off at its old inadequate rate after awhile under the Administration's restrictive policies, instead of maintaining the five percent rate which the Rockefeller Brothers' and similar reports now consider possible and "normal." The Administration has had four years of recession in six years in office and will end up with seven Treasury deficits in eight years. Once again it is putting all its emphasis on the negative, the fear of inflation, instead of on the positive, the goal of production.

Slick Statistics

WE WOULD LOVE to give the Republicans good advice but somehow they won't listen. Take this matter of unemployment. All last week the GOP seemed to be minimizing the problem. After "leaking" a favorable report for two days, the Administration on April 7 published the gratifying news that unemployment had dropped 387,000 in March to 4,362,000. Commerce Secretary Strauss could hardly hide the smirk at this coup.

The next day came the labor's protest rally here. Undoubtedly it was staged with political motives. But the poignancy was there all the same in the cavernous, gloomy armory. The 7,000 present were mostly blue-collar "respectable" unemployed. There was a kind of touching diffidence in the way some of them told their stories. You found yourself taking their part: the husband trying to keep up payments on his house, the father finding himself "too old" at 56, the Detroit mechanic at the end of his insurance checks, his children living with relatives.

The Democrats sent in top speakers including Lyndon Johnson (with a fancy new proposal for a "fact-finding commission"). The Republicans sent in Labor Secretary Mitchell who assured that everything would be fine in October, and a freshman Senator and an inconspicuous representative — no GOP parliamentary leaders.

Granted that the show was stagey and Eisenhower probably shouldn't have interrupted his Augusta vacation or even bothered, maybe, to send a message, yet under all the contrivances the tired, depressed unemployed were stark enough. They deserve something from somebody. As a simple matter of public relations we think the GOP did a poor job. But maybe we were just irritated over the titters we heard at those slick statistics.

Lippmann Logic

THE IMPORTANCE that veteran columnist Walter Lippmann has in this town is one of the historical facts that deserve to be noted. The opinion-forming decision-making elite in Washington is quite compact. (We try to reach some of them with this column.) After several months abroad Lippmann has returned with a series of powerful, lucid articles on the Berlin crisis, and it is a matter of record to say that we found people reading them everywhere. Anywhere in the press, Congress or the State Department, sophisticated conversations started with a common assumption of familiarity with the pieces. Their gist is that the time has come for a change of policies, that the Adenauer make-believe of a united Germany must be temporarily put aside, and that the present line of least risk is to try to negotiate with Moscow on that basis. We wonder if there has been a time when one journalist has had more importance at a critical moment in the capital.

Notes

THE TEXAS STATE legislature, which in special session recently heard Lyndon Johnson disavow ambition for any higher office, is clearing the way for the Majority Leader to have a free try for the 1960 Presidential nomination.

Under pressure from Johnson supporters, a House committee has tacked on to a bill changing the date of the Texas primaries an amendment providing that any nominee for statewide office (Senator Johnson comes up again next year) who "subsequently receives the nomination for President" shall have his name on the ballot for both positions.

T.R.B.

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A Communication

► *The Macmillan I Know*

SIRS:

I WAS GLAD to see Gerald Johnson's generous appraisal (*NR*, April 6) of Harold Macmillan's efforts and achievements to date in the diplomatic struggle with Khrushchev over Berlin. All the more because Mr. Johnson confesses

(Continued on page 24)

The Humphrey Plan

SECRETARY BENSON is disarmingly candid when he admits to having no specific program or agenda in mind for the May 5 conference he called in Washington of the agriculture ministers of four other wheat-exporting countries—Argentina, France, Canada, Australia—and FAO Director B. R. Sen. The conference is an outgrowth of the President's January promise that the Administration would pursue the possibilities of employing our farm surplus disposal program for positive purposes of foreign policy, which was, in turn, prompted by the fact that Sen. Hubert Humphrey and others in Congress have had comprehensive "Food for Peace" legislation on the drafting board for introduction during this session. The slogan was too good to be left to the Democrats, but the fact remains that Humphrey knows what he wants to do and Mr. Benson doesn't. At his press conference last week, the Secretary explained that the record of the exporting countries in channeling surpluses where they are needed was a good one. Then he added vaguely that "there is always a possibility that more can be done."

Senator Humphrey's legislation, which was scheduled for introduction this week and which has been discussed earlier in these pages (*NR*, Feb. 23), would take the surplus program away from Mr. Benson and place it under a separate administrator, responsible directly to the President, who would have broad powers to adapt a greatly stepped-up US program to specified countries. The local currency sales program would be placed on a five-year basis at a rate of $2 billion per year (as compared with $1.5 billion under the present Public Law 480) and would allow for both grants and loans of the currencies acquired through these sales in accordance with political and economic circumstances in the recipient countries. Special grant programs designed to build up national food reserves in the less-developed countries would also be authorized. The program developed by Senator Humphrey and his associates in Congress is an imaginative and constructive approach to the use of US surpluses in our foreign policy and should—like Senator Kennedy's pending legislation to place the Development Loan Fund on a permanent basis—receive the most urgent attention from the Congress. Together these two initiatives represent the first faint stirrings of an effective US foreign economic policy.

Senator Humphrey has displayed great vision in designing legislation which would through scope for grants enable the US to minimize its accumulations of local currencies in the less-developed countries, accumulations which if unchecked would inevitably become self-defeating, straining US relations with the recipient governments and probably in the long run rendering the surplus program unworkable. The peculiar importance of currency accumulation cannot be over-emphasized. Dean Harlan Cleveland, of the Maxwell School at Syracuse University, in a perceptive discussion of our aid program in *The Reporter*, points to the power implicit in

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outside control of large amounts of local currencies:

> The presence of a local currency account . . . is a sword of Damocles over the central bankers and central planning authorities of any nation. . . . The kinds of decisions involved—decisions about the size of a nation's army, the direction of its agricultural development, the priority of need between a community development program and a shiny new cold-strip rolling mill—are the very stuff of national sovereignty.

Mr. Cleveland was discussing the local currency issue in connection with the Development Loan Fund and other "soft" credit agencies and not in relation to the food surplus program which now accounts for the biggest portion of US local currency accumulations and will do so increasingly in the years ahead. But, there is an important distinction between a loan basis for transfers of *capital* for development from the West to the less-developed countries and a loan basis for shipments of farm surpluses—*i.e.*, the less-developed countries know very well that the US does not know what to do with its surpluses. Capital which is available to the less-developed countries only at the sacrifice of the American taxpayer should, in our view, be for the most part loaned. At the same time, the US need not and should not pile currency accumulations arising from the food surplus program on top of currencies unavoidably accruing from "soft" development loan programs—and in this respect, among others, Humphrey's legislation is a pioneering step in the foreign-aid policy jungle.

Frank Lloyd Wright

"ART," says Sir Herbert Read, "is the expression of the uniqueness of a personality," and he goes on to say (in *The Grass Roots of Art*): "Since the Renaissance, the personality of the architect is stamped on every building of any artistic value, until we come to the functional architecture of our time." Frank Lloyd Wright was one of the two or three architects of the first half of the 20th Century who never failed to comprehend the value of his own uniqueness. No one can mistake a Wright design as from any other source. Each of his buildings is steeped in the thickness of his personality.

Wright rejected—violently—the derivative architecture of our country. Stimulated by the beauty of the American landscape and by what he learned from oriental art, as well as his own effortless originality, he created a new architecture. Creativity of such magnificence cannot but arouse fear, envy and sycophancy. And the fates were unnecessarily unkind. In the turmoil of his life the shell around his personality grew hard and rough as an oyster's, protecting the precious human psyche within. But he could open his shell. He retained the knack of making himself available to himself—for his work—and for our pleasure.

Lasting Unemployment?

THE MOOD of the 7,000 delegates to the AFL-CIO conference on unemployment which overflowed Washington's armory on April 8 was neither angry nor desperate, but it reflected the fear of many that we are entering an era of sizable permanent unemployment.

As President George Meany pointed out in his opening remarks, industrial production is back almost to pre-recession highs, but only 40 percent of the lost jobs have been regained. Even more disturbing is the fact that after each of the postwar recessions the economy tends to stabilize at an ever-higher level of unemployment. It is now 5.8 percent of the labor force, as against 4.3 percent five years ago and only 3.2 percent after the 1949 recession.

For most of the affiliates of the AFL-CIO these are serious but not critical facts. Some unions—the Building Service Employees, State, County and Municipal Workers and the Teamsters, for example—actually grew during the recession. But for the great industrial unions they are extremely critical. Most of those now unemployed are in the bottom rank of the seniority list in companies organized by the auto, steelworkers and other former CIO unions. And it is natural, therefore, that the driving force for the Washington mass protest was Walter Reuther.

For the first time since the CIO was formed in 1935 the mass production unions have lost their momentum. They have not only stopped their past steady growth but are rapidly falling back. Thanks to automation and technological improvements, the large and dynamic auto workers union is down by almost 400,000 members from its 1953 peak, and will undoubtedly lose more when the next model change-over takes place. And despite the high level of steel production, hundreds of thousands of steelworkers are laid off with little prospect of being recalled, the victims of what *Business Week* calls "productivity unemployment." In 1958, 11.9 million workers fabricated 35 percent more goods than 12.7 million made a decade before.

The mass production unions as a result stand to lose in size and finances, and in bargaining power as well. As the number of production employees in each plant is reduced by automation the relative strength of management increases while that of labor decreases. Each new automated machine blunts labor's primary weapon, the strike. The man who tended the lathe machine could not be replaced very easily, in case of a strike, by an office worker or a supervisor. But the man who watches lights on an automated line can: when Southern telephone workers went on strike a few years ago, phone service was hardly interrupted.

Walter Reuther, more than any top AFL-CIO leader,

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understands the long-term implications of this decline in bargaining power. He and Meany disagreed sharply at the recent AFL-CIO meeting in San Juan over what to do about the unemployment that is causing it. Meany was content with the normal lobbying activities of the AFL-CIO and perhaps a special conference for labor leaders. Reuther insisted that something more dramatic was needed: a march on Washington by tens of thousands of laid-off unionists. The compromise conference of April 8 which resulted failed to make the impact Reuther had hoped for. The men and women who had sat up in chartered coach trains or buses for as long as 17 hours weren't quite sure why they were there. They were taken to the meeting place in buses, listened to 23 speeches, were served a box lunch at their tables during the noon recess, and at the end of the day collected for another long trip home, without having done anything more demanding than sit and applaud. " Why couldn't we at least have picketed the White House for an hour or two?" some of them asked.

The difference between the two leaders of the AFL-CIO on tactics was not resolved by the conference. In his own union Reuther is forming unemployment councils in every region. If unemployment should continue high these will generate pressure not only inside the UAW but throughout labor generally for more mass action and more militant political effort than the AFL-CIO has been accustomed to.

Bristles, Go Home

SOME OF THE ancient landmarks still stand even in modern America. Proof of this cheerful assertion is afforded by an incident in New York on April 6, when the Cunard liner *Ivernia* docked with 37 tons of equipment for the Bolshoi Ballet, and 144 cases of Russian hog bristles aboard. Local 824 of the International Longshoremen's Association unloaded the impedimenta of the Muscovite ballet company but refused to touch any hog bristles contaminated by Communist origin. The dancers, a spokesman for the union explained, are presumed to be on a goodwill tour, "and besides they are on the Ed Sullivan show." But the hog bristles, intended for brush manufacturers, were sordid commercialism.

Now that Local 824 has stepped in to relieve the President and the Secretary of State of the onus of conducting foreign relations it is pleasant to learn that the new authority is restrained by a high respect for American traditions of which, surely, none is more sacred than the dictum, "the show must go on." The fact that it was the Moiseyev Ballet, a different outfit, that Mr. Sullivan put on the air may be dismissed as mere cavilling. The point is that with Dulles and Eisenhower both out of town, Local 824 saw its duty and done it.

Exceptional News

THE SELECTION of Raymond A. Hare as Assistant Secretary of State for Middle Eastern Affairs is welcome and exceptional news, for Mr. Hare is a sophisticated and talented professional.

Currently Ambassador to Cairo, he has also served as Ambassador to Saudi Arabia, the Yemen and the Lebanon and is known as an administrator who not only encourages but uses the opinions of his subordinates.

We hope that this is but Mr. Herter's first step to use once again, as in Dean Acheson's day, the wealth of talent and experience of the professional foreign service. Mr. Hare's credentials are impressive compared to those of his predecessor Mr. William Rountree, who gained his post as Mr. Herbert Hoover, Jr.'s, protégé. It is notably refreshing in the wake of the political nomination of Ogden Reid as Ambassador to Israel and the political veto of Henry Labouisse as ICA chief.

Nasser's Willin'

THE NEWS from Iraq is very puzzling. Perhaps that is because there is so little of it. Most "inside" stories are written outside Iraq—and inspired outside too. There was, for example, last week's startling report released by Cairo's semi-official mouthpiece, the Middle East News Agency, that a Soviet ship carrying 825 armed Kurdish men sailed through the Suez Canal bound for the Iraqi port of Basra on the Persian Gulf. Was it the prelude to attack? Apparently not. Baghdad radio later said that there were 460 men, 108 women and 252 children on the boat—families which had fled to the Soviet Union in 1946 after the collapse of the short-lived Kurdish republic set up with Soviet support in Iran.

The returning exiles no doubt will help Kassem resist the pro-Nasser nationalists in Iraq. But they will also strengthen that minority which wants to establish a "free Kurdistan" made up of parts of Iraq, Iran and Turkey—and eventually bits of Syria and Russia. And that would mean Iraq's dismemberment.

All these troubles trace back to the revolution of last summer. And no one can say we didn't try to prevent it. The US armed the government that Kassem overthrew; we sent Marines to Lebanon and might have sent them to Baghdad if it would have done any good. And ever since, we've warned Kassem about flirting with the Wicked Witch of the East. What more?

Try me, says Nasser. But what could Nasser do, even as our "chosen instrument"? What, that is, unless we helped him take over Iraq by force? But that would mean our being prepared to help Egyptians do in Iraq what we wouldn't let the British and French do in Egypt in 1956! Nobody thinks that would help matters. Nobody but some people in Cairo and Washington.

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Reports from Bonn and London

The Meaning of Adenauer's Decision

Bonn

IT GOES WITHOUT saying that the decision of Federal Chancellor Dr. Konrad Adenauer to stand as Christian Democratic candidate for the Presidency in July has been greeted with absolute astonishment by the people and press of Germany, and of the whole of Europe. The most sensational secret of Western Germany's postwar political history was well-kept. The Chairman of the CDU Parliamentary Party, Dr. Heinrich Krone, made the suggestion on which Dr. Adenauer acted just three weeks earlier. At the time Dr. Adenauer turned it down out of hand. His view was that he was still needed to lead his government. When he did reach his decision, only half a dozen members of the CDU were in on it.

The first question which has to be asked is—why did Adenauer decide to retire from active political life at a time when his unique knowledge, talents and prestige were so badly needed by his country? It is still not possible to give a definite answer, but the following considerations must have played their part in his decision.

He is old. He is, in fact, 83 years old. England has had a single Prime Minister of that age, William Ewart Gladstone, in 1892. England was strong, rich and united then. Germany today is rich, perhaps, but neither strong nor united. The tasks of a Federal German Chancellor have a desperate urgency about them. As leader of the Christian Democratic Party additionally, Adenauer was beset with problems—connected with party, opposition, Western allies, the Soviet Union and the future of his divided country. He may, for the first time, have decided that he was too old for the job. A few weeks ago I talked to him for nearly two hours. The old authority and certainty of manner were there. But when he turned his face up to the light, his age looked out of every line and pucker. He looked infinitely tired.

★ ★ ★

Adenauer's health has been shaky since he returned from his single visit to Moscow in the fall of 1955. During the winter which has just ended he has had two attacks of bronchitis and three colds. It is a serious matter when the head of a government must surrender to the ultimate cushioning of hot water bottles and hot milk. It is even more serious when the effects of this become apparent. In Berlin in December Adenauer forgot to show the necessary courtesy to Lord Mayor Willy Brandt, whose city it was, after all, which had been threatened by the Soviet Union. In February the Chancellor was furious with his own party for not adopting Federal Minister of Economics Ludwig Erhard as Presidential candidate. In March he was at odds with Mr. Harold Macmillan, unable to recognize the fact that the latter was putting plans before him which could give the West the chance of taking the diplomatic offensive against the Soviet Union. In April he was quarrelling bitterly with some of his nearest, most valued advisers.

Adenauer, one may be sure, took tactical considerations into account. Would he be fit enough, at 85, to lead a fourth federal election campaign and crown it, by forming a Fourth Federal Government? It was, at least, doubtful, even though this was what he was still proposing to do only a few weeks ago. The Federal Presidency (which is as good as in his pocket) gives him a new field of action. In the first place, he may well be able to add a 10-year span in that post to his 10 years as Chancellor. He will, no doubt, at once lay down his own, rigid routine in the President's Villa Hammerschmidt, but he can spare himself in the less onerous job.

At the same time he can play a far bigger part in the affairs of the nation than Professor Theodor Heuss ever did. He will nominate his own successor as Chancellor—thus answering those critics who complained that he had failed to groom a "Crown Prince" for the succession. He will appoint judges and senior civil servants. He can withhold his signature from new laws. He will sign and "arrange" (one may be sure that Adenauer's interpretation of this vague word will be "to negotiate") treaties with foreign powers. One possible such treaty at once springs to mind—the final Peace Treaty for Germany. The President can even attend Cabinet meetings (Heuss never did). There will still be room for him to exercise the weight of his authority.

The Christian Democratic Party, finally, attached great importance to the post of President. The very fact that a President could be politically so much more active than Professor Heuss was one consideration. Another was that the Social Democrats had put forward a candidate of wit and personality in Professor Carlo Schmid. Since Ludwig Erhard would not leave the field of governmental affairs, the CDU had no candidate as good as Carlo Schmid. None, that is, unless Dr. Adenauer stood for the post.

There was no palace revolution. After Dr. Krone had broken the ice with the Chancellor, a group of his most trusted advisers was brought into the subsequent dis-

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cussions. Adenauer took some persuading, but his agreement was in the end full and unqualified. It was also supremely dignified. The talks which took place during the weekend of April 4-6 paved the way for the sensational statement of April 7.

★ ★ ★

Who will succeed Dr. Adenauer as Chancellor? There are three obvious candidates—Professor Ludwig Erhard, Minister of Economics, Dr. Franz Etzel, Minister of Finance, and Dr. Eugen Gerstenmaier, President or Speaker of the Bundestag. Erhard ranks as a clear favorite. He is popular, successful and well-known abroad. Other things apart, he is Vice Chancellor and therefore the most suitable person to take up the reins of government for the two years which remain to the present Federal Parliament. His claims are so great that it is doubtful whether they can be ignored. Yet Erhard has been a "specialist" so far, and has concerned himself with economics for the past 10 years. Etzel, too, is known abroad—as former deputy chairman of the Schuman Plan coal and steel community. He might well be Dr. Adenauer's first choice, for he has something of the Chancellor's own steely determination. Gerstenmaier is the outsider in this field of three. He could very well become instead Chairman of the CDU—the second post which Dr. Adenauer must surrender in July.

No new Chancellor is likely to alter the economic course set by three successive Adenauer governments. But would a new Chancellor water down the Adenauer foreign policy of extreme firmness and non-flexibility in face of the lasting threat posed by the Soviet Union? Since foreign policy has so far been framed exclusively by Adenauer (and merely executed by von Brentano) it is difficult to predict what might happen. The following thoughts are just marginal notes to this problem.

Erhard, Etzel and Gerstenmaier all belong to the school which would like to see closer cooperation—in the economic as well as political fields—with Britain. This would mean, by inference, less obvious dependence on the Eisenhower regime, less insistence on the "entente between statesmen" with General de Gaulle or on the "three-way axis" with France and Italy. All three men are likely to be ready to consider more flexible foreign policies, and at least to sponsor a closer examination of new diplomatic approaches. All three men, incidentally, "belong" to the West as much as Dr. Adenauer did—there need be no slightest fear of their initiating an "anti-NATO" line of any sort. All three men, finally, are essentially practical, resolute and reliable. No German policies are going to be turned upside down by any of them.

Yet there are nuances in their approaches to domestic affairs. Erhard is a liberal and is friendly to the Free Democrats. They could well return to the government fold which they left three years ago if he were Chancellor. Gerstenmaier believes in a "national effort" to secure reunification; he would go a long way to bring the Social Democrats into an all-party coalition, committed to working out new proposals for the solution of the German problem. Etzel has, so far, ranked as a technocrat—an expert administrator who might well take the advice of the only available elder-statesman, Konrad Adenauer.

There should be no break in the continuity of CDU government—this, indeed, was a secondary reason for Adenauer's acceptance of the presidential candidature. There will be no startling deviation from present foreign policy, at least as long as an unshackled von Brentano is still Minister of Foreign Affairs. There will be only a mild feeling of unease in the CDU, which must now think seriously about a next Federal Election in which it will be deprived of its great vote-catcher. There will be far more concern among the West German population as a whole, and that is already apparent. The Germans have a penchant for paternalism, and this was precisely what Adenauer—father of seven and grandfather of 14, authoritarian who assumed every responsibility with extreme readiness—most suggested to them. For the man in the street the end of the Adenauer era is far more significant than it is for the job-hunters, the professional politicians, the young men of the CDU who may feel that they have been unduly "held back." For the Western Powers it may herald a new era in which Federal Germany will need more backing and sympathy, but may respond to it with more obvious gratitude. But it will not be an easier era, for Germany's main problems remain unsolved.

TERENCE PRITTIE

London

WESTERN GERMANY'S grand old man has not decided to run for President from a sudden wish to spend more time playing golf. The Chancellor's solemn assurance to Germany and the world that, after his move to the new office, "the attitude of the Federal Government in foreign policy questions will not change by one iota, either during the present period of conferences or during the coming few years," may be somewhat rash as a prophecy; for under the federal constitution, the determination of policy is the job of the Chancellor, not of the President. But it is an accurate enough indication of Dr. Adenauer's purpose in accepting the transfer—which is, again in his own words, "to ensure the continuity of our policy for years to come."

At 83, Dr. Adenauer has been looking ahead, to the 1961 elections and beyond. Even if at 85 he could have

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stood the strains of another nationwide campaign, he could not be sure of winning once again an absolute majority for his party—an exceptional result in German conditions. By then, large sections of the electorate might have realized the full price of the Chancellor's great successes in assuring Western Germany's recovery and her integration into the Western community—*i.e.*, the steady hardening of the partition lines dividing the nation, and the conspicuous lack of interest shown by its Western allies in overcoming that partition; and it is a price which many Germans take less lightheartedly than this old Catholic Rhinelander. Even if the Christian Democrats remained the largest single party, the question of new coalition partners might have arisen and become linked with the question of Chancellor Adenauer's succession.

One of the candidates might have favored abandoning the tradition of the anti-Socialist bloc and forming a new majority with the help of the Social Democrats whom Dr. Adenauer had rigidly excluded from any share of federal power for the past 10 years. Under a President who was truly non-partisan or was himself Social Democrat, such a plan might well have succeeded, and even the unity of the Christian Democrats might have been impaired. To the old Chancellor, this must have seemed a worrying prospect.

★ ★ ★

Conversely, by moving to the Presidency while his control of the party and its parliamentary majority are still intact, the founder of the Federal Republic secures the maximum influence on the selection of his successor. Moreover, he is right in asserting that the Federal Constitution gives a strong President more scope for maneuver and initiative than most people, in Germany and outside, have hitherto believed—on two conditions: if there is no obvious Chancellor with a strong and stable majority, and if the President himself enjoys authority and influence within the strongest single party. None of these conditions obtained as long as Dr. Adenauer led the Christian Democrats, while President Heuss came from a liberal minority party. But both may be realized if a less stable Bundestag, with a less firmly led Christian Democracy, emerges from the 1961 elections—and Dr. Adenauer holds office as President.

It is worthwhile to mention some of the powers he would then wield. First, the President has to suggest to the Bundestag the choice of a Chancellor, and in those conditions that might well be more than a formality. Secondly, if no clear majority can be formed, the President can make or break a minority government: he can appoint the Chancellor who gets a mere relative majority of parliamentary votes, but he can also refuse to appoint him and dissolve the Bundestag instead. Thirdly, if the Bundestag refuses its confidence to a Chancellor without agreeing on a successor by an absolute majority, the President can again dissolve it; but he can also keep the defeated government in office and can even for periods of six months put its rejected bills into effect, provided they are approved by the Upper House representing the land governments. Certainly these are not the direct policy-making powers of the American, and now the French, President, nor the emergency powers of rule by decree by which Hindenburg guided the First German Republic to its fall; but they may well prove crucial in a crisis in assuring the continuation of Dr. Adenauer's policy "for years to come."

Such continuity, however, may hold a danger for our common cause. At the present moment of crisis, it is true, the rigid firmness of Dr. Adenauer seems more attractive than the boneless ultra-flexibility of the latest unification plan put forward by his Social Democratic opponents; its proposals for making the future of German reunion dependent on a joint Council of equal numbers of representatives of the two Germanies, apparently to be designated by the elected parliament in the West and the pseudo-parliament in the East, have earned Moscow's praise and would have made the Socialist postwar leaders, men like Ernst Reuter and Kurt Schumacher, turn in their graves. But viewed over a longer period, Dr. Adenauer's rigid opposition *both* to any ideas of reunion by a military disengagement of the powers, *and* to any formal recognition of the status quo of partition, has greatly contributed to landing us in the present impasse, by helping to make us miss all opportunities for negotiating from political strength. It was Dr. Adenauer more than anybody else in the West who spoiled the chances of a loosening up of the Soviet bloc after the crisis of the fall of 1956, first by refusing all Polish overtures for diplomatic relations and then by the gratuitous forcing through of a Bundestag resolution on the principle of German nuclear armament: he positively drove the Poles back under Soviet discipline. Moreover, he did so not from any urgent military need, but for a frivolous domestic reason—from the same anxiety to keep the gulf between the moderate wing of his own party and the Socialist opposition as wide as possible which seems to have weighed so heavily in his present decision.

If the policies of the Social Democrats toward the Soviets are today so much more woolly and irresponsible than at the time of the Berlin blockade, their long, deliberate exclusion from responsibility in the great national questions must be seen as one of the main causes of this dangerous development. Having destroyed what common ground there was between the two main democratic parties in the state Dr. Adenauer now apparently feels that the time is ripe for a President who will no longer be above party, but will frankly treat the opposition as beyond the pale. If he does, he may yet destroy the young democracy which he so largely helped to create.

RICHARD LOWENTHAL

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THE BERLIN CONTROVERSY—II

What Is the United States Prepared To Defend?

by JAMES E. KING, JR.

IN THE FALL OF 1957, to console the American people for not having been first to put an earth satellite in orbit and to reassure us that our security was not in jeopardy, the President referred to the destructiveness of which our Strategic Air Command was then capable. He reminded us that a single SAC bomber could carry "as much destructive capacity as was delivered by all the bombers in all the years of World War II combined." He was probably thinking of a bomber carrying one 5-megaton bomb. Since that time the stockpile has continued to grow, smaller H-bombs have become more plentiful, and SAC's bombers are now equipped to carry bombs in multiples. It is this destructive capacity of individual bombers (and SAC's having roughly 2,000 of them in operation) that gives rise to talk about the "overkill" potential of SAC with which some people, including on occasion the President himself, seem bemused.

It is true that if SAC were allowed an unopposed "free ride" against a Soviet Union completely unprepared for attack, a single SAC squadron could diminish the great new power of Russia, perhaps beyond recovery. But SAC would not enjoy a "free ride" over Soviet territory. By now SAC's bombers must be equipped to penetrate successive screens of anti-aircraft defenses, consisting of thousands of surface-to-air missiles and thousands of manned interceptors—even if the bombers succeeded in taking off before their bases were attacked by Soviet long-range missiles, which, until the Russian ICBM force is ready, they still can do. In order to retain any expectation of getting through to their targets, SAC's bombers must sacrifice bomb-carrying capacity to penetration devices: thousands of pounds of electronic gadgets to confuse the Russian AA defenses, decoys to deceive them, and air-to-surface missiles to out-reach them.

In fact, even during the period 1954-1956, when SAC's ascendancy was at the peak, the "positive" or "active" deterrent function of our strategic force, its ability to deter aggression against positions of marginal value to us, had its limits. The reason probably was that Western Europe was a hostage to the Soviet Union for our good behavior. These limits emerged quite clearly when our government tried to preserve North Vietnam from Communist conquest by threatening nuclear retaliation for Chinese Communist intervention. The threat may have restricted the intervention (the Chinese did not intervene openly as they had done earlier in Korea), but active intervention by the Chinese also proved not to be necessary to achieve their minimum objective of adding half of Vietnam to the Communist bloc. To preserve that half for the non-Communist world would have required *our* active intervention, but we were reluctant to intervene with our forces at the cost of possible disruption of NATO, and Britain refused to go along. From the British point of view *the strategic deterrent had already failed to achieve its intended purpose,* otherwise the question of active intervention would not have arisen. They were unwilling to take the risks of broadening the conflict implicit in our proposal to support the strategic deterrent either by action limited geographically (*i.e.*, nuclear attacks on the South China bases from which supplies were flowing to the Viet Minh rebels) or by supplementing it with conventional ground and tactical air action limited to Vietnamese territory—"just as the UN stepped in against the North Korean aggression in 1950," as Mr. Dulles was later quoted as saying. Since that time, as the strategic equation has been altered by growing Soviet long-range air and missile power, the deterrent effect of SAC has necessarily become more and more "passive," which means that the credibility of the strategic deterrent is weak except as the last ditch is approached.

Paul H. Nitze has described the deterrent role of SAC in the form of a paradox. Given three classes of possible aggression it is our purpose to deter—first, all-out attack upon the United States (Class I), then overt aggression

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against NATO or Japan (Class II), finally attack against one of the peripheral positions of the non-Communist world (Class III)—it appears that what we may expect of SAC varies inversely with the gravity of the threat. That is, the effectiveness of the SAC deterrent declines as the gravity of the threat declines, rather than the contrary as might be expected.

If we adopt Nitze's view, we can see why the extension of the strategic deterrent to peripheral threats is utterly impractical, and why even its extension to threats against NATO and Japan must be heavily qualified. There is no doubt that the SAC deterrent retains some of its "active" significance. The question is, how much? The answer depends not only upon what the Russians can actually do to us in a total war, but even more on what we believe they can do to us and upon what the Russians believe we believe they can do to us.

GRANTED the present situation, so far as we can understand it, in which SAC has extraordinary power of destruction, enough of which would probably still reach its targets even in a second strike (*i.e.* after a Russian surprise attack), it is doubtful that the Russians would attack us first unless they became convinced we were about to strike them. But even if we strike the first blow, though SAC probably would annihilate the Soviet peoples, it is doubtful that we would ourselves escape grievous hurt. Besides their ICBM's, which may or may not be operational in unknown quantities, and their masses of IRBM's which certainly are operational, the Russians have (or will soon have) a bomber force of around 1,000 planes. The latter would almost certainly have warning of a SAC first strike, and it would be little comfort to destroy their bases after they had taken off. Possibly only about a third of their bombers would succeed in taking off but espionage might give them 10 hours or more of warning time (instead of the 4-6 hour warning period that is probably all the SAC would have if the Russians attacked first), and they might get as many as half their force off the ground. How many Russian bombers would then succeed in penetrating our defenses we can only guess: a few years ago the Chief of the Air Staff said our AA defenses would account for no more than a third of an attacking bomber force. Though these defenses have been improved, it would require comparatively few H-bombs to "punish" us quite adequately for presuming to strike first. This suggests why we cannot expect the SAC deterrent alone to prove effective unless the issue at stake is so vital to our survival that the Russians must be convinced we would risk millions of American dead rather than yield.

Since the Berlin question was reopened by Mr. Khrushchev the Administration has tried to bolster the deterrent effect of our ultimate weapons by stripping away the alternatives. The President has even gone so far as to depreciate NATO's local defenses to a degree that makes one wonder why we have spent billions on them. These actions and statements are entirely consistent with the official theory and strategy of deterrence. They also follow logically from the "commonsense" notion of the impact that the risks of nuclear war must have upon the decisions of governments. But it is also evident that when the possibility of actual war arises the "commonsense" notion is no longer sensible—it is nonsense. The Administration's answer is that the threat to world peace in the current German controversy is not actual, because the Russians are bluffing.

Up to a point, this is quite probably true. There is no reason to doubt Khrushchev's assurance that the Soviet Union does not want a great nuclear war. It is even unlikely that the Russians are determined to exploit their growing nuclear power to the fullest at this time. If that were their intention they would have been well advised to let the US moulder in its complacency until the prospective missile-gap had become a demonstrated reality. In fact, other than by launching the *Sputniki*, Khrushchev has made no effort to demonstrate his missile lead, and even his verbal threats have been mild. But he certainly expects to make gains by raising the Berlin issue. It seems only reasonable to assume that he expects to make these gains without raising the crisis to the level at which the US strategic deterrent might actually begin to be credible.

To be blunt about it, the reason that the threat of "massive retaliation" is not sufficient alone is that the risks of invoking it are not justified by the issues the Russians are able to raise *one at a time* when they break their total program down into its component parts. It has presumably already been decided that the question whether Russians or East Germans are to stamp the documents carried by military traffic en route to West Berlin is not even "worth" converting a political crisis into a military one. Is the issue of recognizing the legitimacy of the slave regime in East Germany "worth" the risks of war in Europe, even if the United States and the USSR are not under attack? It seems likely that our allies have already decided that question for us too. Negotiations are in prospect, and their purpose, on our side, will certainly be to achieve some kind of "settlement" that does not include legitimizing Ulbricht's bastard. But this legitimation may be Khrushchev's minimum objective, and for this objective he may be willing to fight, or rather to risk a fight by continuing to apply military pressures on West Berlin. This threat of military pressure on West Berlin is what we must deter—not the monolithic threat to our national survival which the Administration insists we must see in the crisis. It is against this more limited but immediate threat that the credibility of the SAC deterrent has to be weighed. We should not be surprised if it fails the test.

Once we abandon the illusion that because Western Europe is *ultimately* vital to our security all we need do

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is brandish the thermonuclear club to defend any fraction of it, we can begin to understand why the problem of deterrence is a problem of *defense*. And we can also begin to understand the role that local defenses can and must play in deterrence.

Let us suppose for a moment that this country had not spent the last six years in a state of euphoric infatuation with massive retaliation, and that NATO had actually achieved local defenses in which the President of the United States could express confidence. The Russians then would know they could neither intimidate nor overwhelm those defenses unless they were willing to mount a gigantic assault that would threaten all Western Europe by its sheer momentum. Such an action on their part would lend credibility to our SAC deterrent in short order, because it would mean we might soon be facing an actual choice, not a fictitious or eventual one, between surrendering Western Europe to Communist domination or staking our survival on the outcome of World War III. For this Spartan choice the symbolic issue of West Berlin is inadequate motivation; the issue must be real. *The primary function of NATO's local defenses is to establish a credible link between the fragments into which the total threat can be broken and the totality of the ultimate threat itself.*

This primary function is not, however, the only function appropriate to NATO's defenses. The Russians can submit our resolution to test by "probing" our defenses with limited pressures and eventually limited attacks—without mobilizing for a total effort, and thus without raising the issue of the ultimate decision. The NATO local defenses need to be able to contain these attacks, to defeat them if they are small enough, to stalemate them if they are not. If the Russians persist, it becomes the function of NATO's local forces to continue resisting the attack while the tension rises until the risks that the situation may get out of hand begin to intimidate the Russians. *The local defenses thus can buy time,* time for the Russians to reconsider, time during which the Russians might devise face-saving formulas that will permit them to pull back, time for diplomatic initiatives to run their course.

How strong do NATO's local defenses need to be? There is no simple answer. Historically, the desired strength of defensive forces has most often been determined by two criteria: the strength of the enemy force and the requirements of the terrain. NATO never considered trying to match the Communist threat in sheer numbers, even though it is not generally regarded as necessary for forces on the defensive to be equal numerically to the opponent forces. The Lisbon forces goals of 1954, which called for some 90 divisions on the NATO central front (with 30-odd on the line at all times and the remainder in ready reserve), were based upon the terrain. The forces were those considered essential to occupy the ground, provide tactical reserves, and thus contain any major attack. The determination was made in the light of experience in World War II and the Korean War.

The introduction of nuclear weapons has confused the significance of the classic criteria of enemy strength and the terrain, but it seems also to have brought forward a third criterion, one which has always existed but was less prominent in past calculations. This is the political criterion that relates directly to deterrence. It is reflected in the question implicit throughout this examination: When there is a specific threat, what force is required to lend maximum support to the deterrent effort appropriate to that situation, without so over-committing us that the deterrent lacks credibility, and without inviting disaster if the requirement should have been miscalculated and the deterrent should fail? General Lauris Norstad, the NATO commander in Western Europe, has repeatedly urged the member governments to provide a force of 28-30 divisions in a state of constant readiness on the German front. This force might well satisfy the political criterion of strength. Indeed, General Norstad's language in justifying his recommendation corresponds very closely to what has been said here. He describes his NATO "shield" force as being designed to supplement the primary deterrent of SAC; he points out that it is also a force designed to deal with "less than ultimate incidents" without resort to "ultimate means." We cannot quarrel with the Supreme Commander's language; we need only to quarrel with the failure of the Administration to support him.

Whether the required NATO force is "nuclear" or "conventional' is another question that must be considered. Militarily, the primary factors appear to be these. First, the force must be prepared to defend itself with nuclear weapons because it can be attacked by Russian forces with nuclear weapons. Second, the NATO force will be fortunate if it is not required to employ nuclear weapons. The reason is that the employment of nuclear weapons will favor the side which has superior numbers to deploy, hence more replacements for the high casualties that must be anticipated, as well as the side which is better prepared for nuclear war by widely dispersed, hidden, and otherwise secure bases, communications, and other support installations. In neither respect do NATO local forces compare favorably with those on the other side.

In political terms, the facts bearing upon the use of nuclear weapons are equally straightforward. Remember that *to be a credible deterrent a force must have military capability backed by the willingness of its controllers to use it.* There is no question that the prospect of a nuclear war in Europe, no matter how limited, is far more intimidating in its effects upon the European people (and on us) than the prospect of a comparable limited conventional action. Hence it can hardly be disputed that the

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West Europeans would be more reluctant to accept a nuclear than a conventional defense.

In some minds this argument always conjures up the vision of 175 Soviet conventional divisions, against which NATO local defenses seem puny indeed. If our "boys" can't use their A-bombs, it is said, the Russian conventional hordes will walk over them. The answer to this is so obvious one almost hesitates to give it: We have no reason for believing that the 175 Russian divisions are still "conventional hordes." On the contrary, we know the Russians have a variety of short-range nuclear delivery weapons for tactical employment, because they displayed them to the West on the 40th anniversary of their October Revolution in 1957. We also have good reason to concede that they do not neglect to develop any weapon on which we have led the way—along with originating a few of their own. Finally, we know they have been manufacturing nuclear weapons for 10 years, and it would be an affront to elementary prudence for us to assume that they have not developed a stockpile large enough so that their ground forces can have a share, or that they have failed to produce warheads appropriate to ground forces employment. There is little reason to believe, then, that our troops would be better off in a nuclear conflict if it comes to war. It appears that they will be worse off.

THE immediate threat to NATO is not, in any case, 175 divisions, the bulk of which are inside the Soviet Union, where a good part of them are securely pinned down by local defense assignments—any more than it is the 10 million or more soldiers the Russians would muster if they mobilized all their reserves. The *immediate* threat to NATO forces on the German front is about 23 divisions the Russians keep in East Germany, plus a few more in Poland and Hungary, plus whatever the satellite forces amount to. If we discount the satellite divisions, NATO's present 21 division force is a respectable defense for either conventional or nuclear war against this immediate threat. If we do not entirely discount the satellites (*i.e.* East Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary), NATO forces are considerably worse off, but not hopelessly outnumbered. There remains, of course, the question of the Soviet strategic reserves of probably 60-75 divisions that might be thrown into the attack.

There also remains, however, the question of SAC, which is *our* primary strategic reserve. When it was said earlier that NATO's requirement is for a local defense that could neither be intimidated nor overwhelmed by the Russians "unless they were willing to mount a gigantic assault that would threaten all Western Europe by its sheer momentum," it was precisely this strategic reserve of Soviet forces inside the Soviet Union that was referred to. It is hard to believe that these forces could be moved into the forward areas in preparation for attack without alerting the West. It is also hard to believe that the Russians would imagine they could employ this force without bringing on World War III.

The role of NATO's local military force, then, cannot be to make certain that the Russians do not choose to employ their strategic reserves and mount that "gigantic" attack against Western Europe. But it can be to make sure that the Russians do not whittle the NATO position away *without* choosing to employ their reserves; or rather, the purpose of the NATO force is to give the member countries reasonable assurance the Russians will not embark upon the whittling process, and, if they do so, that it can be stopped short of the point at which the Soviet reserves *and SAC* are thrown into the melee.

Clearly, if the Russians attack with nuclear weapons, NATO has no choice but to defend itself with like weapons. *The question of interest here is whether NATO should itself convert the action into a nuclear war even if the Russians attack conventionally.* To that question the answer seems clear. For the sake of making its deterrent as credible as possible, NATO must at least reserve to the Europeans the hope that they can be defended without a nuclear holocaust; it would be extremely unwise, therefore, for NATO forces to be irretrievably committed to the employment of nuclear weapons. Nor does it make much sense for NATO spokesmen to say that nuclear weapons will be used if its forces cannot "win" without using them, or even that they will be used if necessary to enable NATO troops to defend themselves. The decision to employ nuclear weapons *must* be made on broader grounds than these, grounds which, it is hoped, will be related to the purpose of NATO forces, which is to defend NATO's interests without sacrificing them in an all-consuming nuclear war.

The Russians will certainly threaten the use of nuclear weapons verbally—they have already done so. This is because they want to maximize intimidation. It need not follow that they would actually use them in an "incident" they created, nor in a limited attack. They might well reason that to do so would be immediately to raise the spectre of Western Europe's destruction and thus hasten the ultimate resort to SAC. We may grant that it may be to the Russian advantage to employ their forces conventionally, as many of the more enthusiastic champions of a NATO local defense with tactical nuclear weapons have claimed. It does *not* follow, however, that it is to our *disadvantage* if the Russian attack is limited to conventional forces.

To be sure, it would serve NATO's deterrent purpose to convince the Russians that their conventional attack *would* be met with a nuclear defense (assuming it is a fact that the Russians believe it is to *their* advantage to attack conventionally). But, as has been shown, this proposition is difficult to make convincing. Remember

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what W. W. Kaufmann has said: the "potential costs" of a deterrent threat "must seem worth incurring" *to those it is meant to defend,* and his observation that "deterrence which does not fulfill this requirement is likely to result in deterring the deterrer."

We cannot too often remind ourselves that military force has meaning only when it serves political purpose. When a state of nuclear parity exists between major rivals, it is obvious enough that a conflict of total forces will serve no constructive political purpose (this is of course *not* the case if one side or the other allows itself to fall behind so far that parity disappears). Below the level of totality, however, there clearly are political purposes that military force can serve. These purposes are accomplished, not by "winning" in the sense of General MacArthur's dictum that "victory" is the only justification of war, but by proving interests, by asserting values, by demonstrating resolution and fortitude. To do these things is the role of military force in deterrence and in defense (as well as, from the "aggressor's" point of view, in intimidation). It is also for the purpose of doing these things that military force can be employed rationally when deterrence fails. It is difficult to believe, as of this moment, assuming of course that the choice is ours, that all of these aims cannot be accomplished with conventional weapons.

The manner in which the Russians have raised the German question, and particularly Khrushchev's backing and filling since he first presented what sounded like an ultimatum in November, 1958, as remarked earlier, seem to indicate that they are not looking for a showdown but for certain limited gains. The problem with which the West is faced is to prevent these gains being made altogether, or at least to restrict them. The problem, in other words, is to make such use of the military forces we have—including SAC—as to lend maximum support to our diplomatic containment of Mr. Khrushchev. It is evident that our heavy dependence upon SAC has the effect of polarizing European response to pressures from the East. Our European allies are delighted with strategic deterrence so long as they feel confident it is going to work, but at the first suggestion that it might prove insufficient they begin looking for cover. They swing between complacency as the normal mood and near-panic at the first whisper of the dread word "war." Their reaction is inevitable so long as all indications, including the presumably authoritative declarations of our President, tell them that the war in question will be a thermonuclear Armageddon.

The Administration's stubborn devotion to its policy of deterrence has made it extremely difficult at this late hour to correct the situation by establishing a middle ground. The President has made a bad situation worse by refusing to consider any preliminary steps that might have served to convince our adversaries that we can be firm without being foolish. He dismissed the proposal to reinforce our contribution to NATO forces as though it were nonsense. He denounced the plea for partial mobilization on the ground that it would alarm us more than it would impress the Russians. He disparaged the military capability of the forces under General Norstad's command. He has done all these things in the honest conviction that the threat of using SAC must prove effective if we leave ourselves with no alternative but to rely on it.

THE BERLIN controversy is, of course, only the latest and most startling of the manifestations of the Administration's faith in "peace through terror." The Army Chief of Staff has long been saying that his service requires 1.6 billion dollars a year for five years at least, to bring its equipment up to date. The President's own committee on the Military Assistance Program (the Draper committee) recommended an addition of $400 million to the budget for 1960 (in addition to $1.6 already requested), the addition to be "primarily for the NATO area." When General Norstad was in Washington a few days ago, he publicly emphasized the need for these funds to aid the modernization of his forces, saying that he needed the money more than he needed additional troops. The Chief of Naval Operations has added his voice to the chorus decrying the inadequacy of our preparation for "less than ultimate incidents." The Air Force, though it wastes its energies competing with the other services, is not better off. Indeed, the irony of the situation—if not its tragedy—lies in the fact that the complacency born of the policy of deterrence, of preoccupation with the monstrous destruction of which SAC is theoretically capable, has been allowed to endanger SAC itself. The missile peril is not imaginary, and some over-insurance against it is desirable. The "primary deterrent" is indispensable; but it is not enough.

Fortunately for our prospects in the present crisis in Europe, neither the Administration's standing policy nor the President's application of it have had all the effects that might have been expected of them. General Norstad does command some 21 divisions, with quite impressive tactical air support. NATO's capability of responding rationally to detailed threats has not been totally destroyed, even in six years of fairly concentrated effort.

But if the policy of deterrence has failed to disarm NATO, failed to reduce NATO's local forces to the status of a "trip-wire" capable of serving only to "trigger" strategic retaliation, it has nevertheless depressed those defenses by keeping them below the prudent minimum, and by giving the world, and our European allies, a false conception of the role they are to play. We need, above all, release from the tyranny of this dogma.

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The Superficial Aspect

Why Fifty States?

WHAT is the use of Massachusetts? Or New Hampshire?

The question is pushed into prominence by the case of a certain Annis A. Vautier, a citizen of Pelham, New Hampshire, but at the moment of writing unhappily resident in the pokey in Boston, where the Massachusetts catchpolls flung him for not paying income tax to the Codfish State, although he holds a job with a Boston engineering firm.

Vautier, hitherto unknown to fame, bears a name suggesting that his ancestral demesne may have been Quebec, rather than Scrooby, but it is plain that he is a spiritual descendant of Latimer and Ridley; for he has lit such a candle in New England as has shown the Governor and Legislature of New Hampshire their duty to appeal to Congress for submission of a constitutional amendment. It would be the Commuter's Amendment, writing it into the supreme law of the land that none who sleeps by night in New Hampshire shall wear gyves for failing to pay tribute to Massachusetts, even though he labors there by day.

The appeal may precipitate a battle royal, for the commuter has long been an affront to the taxgatherer in every large city, while the taxgatherer is an affront to every body. The debate will certainly draw attention to the illogicality of jurisdictional lines not in New England only. The territory east of the Hudson River watershed is in fact an economic and social unit, and its division into five is an anachronism from the administrative standpoint. If it comes to that, so is the area between Stamford, Connecticut, and Montclair, New Jersey, and its division into three sovereignties is irrational.

Perhaps the martyrdom of Vautier is destined to draw attention to the subversive ideas of the late Howard W. Odum, a sociologist whose industry and ingenuity were both immense. He examined the (then) 48 states on the basis of 700 criteria—population, wealth, industrialization, urbanism, ethnic character, etc.—and where he found two states each characterized by at least 351 of these criteria he lumped them together regardless of geography. The outcome was that he found that the continental United States falls naturally into six great divisions, which he called "regions," each of which is logically an administrative unit.

If the law were realistic, rather than traditional, it would face this sociological fact and make our political organization conform. This implies, of course, that the country no longer has any economic or political use for the divisions that we call Massachusetts and New Hampshire, or for any others except the six regions—to which Odum would undoubtedly add Hawaii and Alaska as constituting regions in themselves, since neither is characterized by 351 of the 700 criteria applied to all the states.

A country that actually consists of eight acres that under a rational system might be regarded as states, but that insists that it is composed of 50, is obviously a country that is politically fragmented beyond rhyme or reason. No wonder we are constantly plagued with lamentable incidents, such as the jugging of Citizen Vautier and, even worse, the plugging of a couple of Virginians by the Maryland Fisheries Patrol for taking oysters in Maryland's Potomac River—Maryland's, although it washes Virginia's Northern Neck.

Of course, there is not the slightest probability that we shall set up any such system within the predictable future. Too many insults are involved. Odum made the Potomac one of his regional boundary lines, which means that his system would convert a Maryland gentleman into a Damyankee, and assume that a man from Maine is all the same as a Rhode Island city slicker at either of which transformations imagination boggles. The proud name of Tarheel would be hideously merged with the epithet of Sandlapper, and great Texas would become one with Sumer and Akkad. It is unthinkable.

It is true that the economic and administrative advantages would be considerable. Each of the regions would be capable of an autonomy at present beyond the reach of any of the 50 states. Really intelligent planning for the use of soil and water resources would become possible, and the task of running down and lassoing recalcitrant taxpayers would be enormously simplified. Instead of erasing, the system might emphasize the cultural variety of the nation.

ALL THIS has an attractive sound, but perhaps all of it would not compensate for the horror of making Nixon the Favorite Son of Senator Morse's bailiwick and giving Adlai Stevenson and John W. Bricker the same constituency. Peace and prosperity are desirable, but when they are purchased at the price of sacrificing pride and prejudice, a majority of Americans are probably not buying any.

Indeed, only one really dazzling prospect attaches to this utopian dream—by its realization, at one stroke we should get rid of 84 Senators.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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BOOKS & COMMENT

The Life and Soul of the Party

by Honor Tracy

TO ENTERTAIN his fellow men is one of the kindest things an author can do: and as an entertainer Mr. Graham Greene has few rivals in the English field. For sheer readability — a mysterious attribute having no connection with either beauty or truth and indeed wellnigh absent from some of the world's greatest literature — he comes perhaps second only to Mr. Somerset Maugham. From the fact that he divides his work into Novels and Entertainments, however, it may be doubted if he is content with this. In the distinction there is something self-conscious, even something arbitrary: we cannot but wonder what Mr. Greene has in mind. Although he might not thank us for a suggestion that the Novels are not entertaining, or that the Entertainments are not novels, the implication of a difference in genre is clear. It would make quite a sticky last point for a radio quiz:

> Which is *The Quiet American?*
> —Novel.
> Which is *Our Man in Havana?*
> —Entertainment.
> Quite right! (studio applause)

And thousands and thousands of dollars would change hands.

We live in a popular age, and the first care in arranging literary quizzes must be to avoid deleterious strains to the mind, and excessive claims on the knowledge, of competitor and audience. The prize might be less easily won if the aspirant had to explain the reasons of the author. What has that quiet American specifically got that our man in Havana hasn't, it might be asked, to justify his place in the higher category? The honest fellow does not even offer us a message, except Mr. Greene's personal one as to the futility of messages. Pyle is young and earnest, "impregnably armoured by his good intentions and his ignorance": in the name of what he calls democracy he brings suffering and death to the Indo-Chinese people he assumes he is helping: when the bomb laid by his democratic Third Force explodes in the Place Garnier "a man without his legs lay twitching at the edge of the ornamental gardens," saved from Communism and French Imperialism alike. Wormold in Havana is middle-aged, disillusioned and frivolous except in what concerns his daughter: to get money for her finishing school and her dowry he accepts the post of British secret agent, writing imaginary reports, cooking expense sheets and recruiting a phantom staff among names haphazardly picked out, which in the police state of Cuba inevitably leads to the death of their flesh and blood owners.

Evil results arising from intentions not in themselves blameworthy, held by people neither good nor bad, are the theme in both cases. Why then is the greater weight given in the first? Certainly, the author has taken more pains with it, it is better worked out and written, the story is more probable, the characters less mechanical; but there is no essential difference. Indeed, the implied deprecation of the second sounds like an appeal to the public. "Don't be hard on me," Mr. Greene seems to say, "I wasn't really trying." Or can it be that, because Pyle is American, because Pyle stands for wealth and material power, because there are so many Pyles, because anti-imperialist Pyle is not yet hep to the fact of his own imperialism, he ranks by sheer portentousness? Has Mr. Greene succumbed so far to the present-day fallacy of mass, of quantity, to the notion that ten Pyles are worse, a hundred deaths more terrible, than one?

The question is interesting because of a widespread belief that Mr. Greene, when not deliberately playing down to us, is a very serious and, above all, a very Catholic writer: a puzzling belief, since the mental climate of his books is so unmistakably, so fashionably pagan. Obsession with aspects of the doctrine and practice, an artful decoration of text with the vocabulary, does not make a "Catholic" novel any more than does a quotation from Péguy, placed with a flourish at the head of Chapter One. Undoubtedly one of the themes in *The Power and the Glory*, that the sacraments are valid even though the priest administering them is a coward and a soak, may be described; but we do not read and re-read the novel for the sake of this simple, and to many of us familiar, truth but for the terror of it, the suspense, the heat, dust and smell of Mexican town and village, the flight through the rain, the deliberate rejection of safety by the hunted priest; in a word, for the story. Even less does *The Heart of the Matter* grip us by the force of Scobie's religious dilemma, if that is the word for presumption so enormous. It is by the sense, wonderfully conveyed, of empire in decay, of the seediness of colonial life delivered up to suburbia, to the Bungaloids, of the despair in loveless, childless marriage, of the terrible African heat that smothers the good impulses and brings on the rest like weeds; and, Heaven forgive us, we may be more anxious to know if Scobie was promoted after all, or how he got the money for his wife's passage to South Africa, than whether he damned his immortal soul.

IT IS, then, the story-teller and not the thinker or moralist who compels our admiration. Mr. Greene is a dazzling showman who functions on different levels with, we cannot help thinking, a similar fundamental purpose at each. Like the Fat Boy, he wants to make our flesh creep: he wants to make us sit up and cry *Oh!* The dictionary says that to "entertain" is to "amuse, agreeably hold the attention of" and it is perhaps worth noting that our author's ingredients for achieving this are murder, lust, lunacy, failure, poverty, disgrace. Even *Loser Takes All,* his one attempt at pure comedy, has to be brightened up with a broken marriage. This does not deter him from offering any number of rueful asides on the degenerate times in which we are fated to live: having created his joyless world Mr. Greene thoroughly disapproves of it, having looked upon his work and seen that it was bad he reviles it like any puritan. The aging Fowler speaks to his native mistress: " 'Phuong,' I said—which means Phoenix, but nothing nowadays is fabulous and nothing rises from its ashes," a re-

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mark meaningless enough to satisfy the most incorrigibly middlebrow reader and one of a kind that runs unabashed through all the books, whether Novel or Entertainment. Again, "A picture postcard is a symptom of loneliness," Mr. Wormold somewhere avers: statements of this sort encourage the library reader to think that he or she is getting value for money, and rather recall Mr. Thurber's Dr. Bisch, who together with his large following believed that an automobile bearing down on him was a symbol of sex. It took, we may remember, the luminous mind of a Thurber to perceive that in fact it was an automobile. The flow of Mr. Greene's wry, facile comment helps to establish him as a philosopher among the unphilosophical without interrupting the fun: fresh or difficult truths would stand up from it like rocks, demanding respect and attention.

But if Mr. Greene is not a philosopher, he is a psychologist: he knows just what, deplorably enough, we all like. A mere list of his villains will show how aware he is of the vestigial Neanderthaler lying doggo in the bosoms of the readership. And how full-blooded the villians of the earlier period were! Dr. Forester, the fiendish German spy and psychoanalyst of *The Ministry of Fear* into whose "nursing-home" prominent anti-Nazis vanish for "treatment" might well have come from "Sapper": so might the harelipped Simon Raven in *A Gun for Sale*, estranged from humanity by his disfigurement, ready for murder at a glance; and Mr. Cholmondley too, fat, white, smooth and unctuous, with his great emerald ring and his passion for sweet things, who paid the assassin with stolen banknotes.

A cut above them is Acky, the unfrocked clergyman, endlessly overflowing in letters of remonstrance to the Bishop and in Latin obscenities, with his slut of a wife, his murderousness: a truly sinister creation that might have figured in a prize-winning French film, or even in a novel by Wilkie Collins. And with the Boy in *Brighton Rock* Mr. Greene hits the jackpot in repulsiveness. It is not that this little monster is more depraved or more sadistic than so many luminaries of the "tough" American novels that were poured out at the time, to which indeed—since it is unrelated to English life — *Brighton Rock* may well have been a spirited English reply. It is the fact of his being an adolescent, almost a child. When the book appeared baby gangsters and murderers were less familiar in both life and literature than they afterwards became, and Mr. Greene scores heavily with this device; and not content with that he gives an occasional turn to the screw by emphasizing the traits of immaturity in the creature, such as the dread of sexual failure and of the girl's possible contempt or ridicule, or the lack of ease vis à vis his middle-aged gangster rival. This destroys of course any belief we may have had in him as the leader of grown, hard men, but Mr. Greene is always willing to sacrifice the general effect for a particular one. And finally there is the knock-out when the Boy's widow, the depressed little slavey whom he married to prevent her being called to give evidence against him, goes to play over the message he had recorded for her one day on the pier. She expects words of tenderness, uttered in a beloved voice she will never hear again; but we know she is going to receive the coarsest, most cruel abuse. Strange to say, this piece of brilliant Grand Guignol is included among the Novels.

It is no great wonder if the children of Adam find their attention agreeably held by such matters: they interest us more than any others, as every news editor will confirm. Where Mr. Greene excels, where indeed he approaches wizardry, is in the power of holding it also by descriptions of the most squalid of people, the drabbest of milieux. Grey little commercial travellers, bad journalists, private detectives, slatternly waitresses, priests without a vocation, humbugs of every sort, suffering from indigestion, body odor, decayed teeth or sheer chronic futility, bob up in their seedy environments, the seaside promenade or boarding-house, the colonial Nissen hut, the genteel villa or the dusty office, and keep us as enthralled as would the most glittering assembly in the land. No English novelist but Dickens has written as vividly of the failed, the come down, of all that in life we incline to turn away from; but where Dickens transfigures it by the warmth of his humanity and the magic of his genius, Mr. Greene simply treats it as exotic. His eye is original, if his mind is not: the masterly, film director's eye that in Africa, Indo-China, Mexico picks out infallibly the one detail to bring the character, the landscape, before the reader's own?achieves, in playing on the familiar and the dreary, an even greater triumph.

With this eye, and an ear no less acute, with a prodigious knack of description, dialogue and narrative, Mr. Greene is incapable of being dull; and only the most ungrateful wretch alive would harp on the fact that the verities of God and man ask for something more.

Divorce

Whatever bed he slept in, from his sides,
Both wounded sides, the oozing drops of blood
Left their stigmata on the sheet, and framed
The little space that he had called his own
That night, one night at least.

To keep him strong, the Blessed Trinity
Of Father, Mother, and the Analyst
Divided him in equal thirds and then
Conferred above the sum of equal parts.
His school was understanding.

And certainly it was a better thing
To cut the losses of a mockery.
The Trinity concurred, concurred, concurred.
And since they could not see the bleeding flesh
It was no miracle.

Chad Walsh

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Portrait of Fidel Castro

by Richard Dudman

THE bearded young man due to arrive in Washington this week is variously described as a second Simon Bòlivar, a Latin American Robin Hood, a Nasser of the Caribbean, a bloodthirsty butcher and a tool of the Communists. Which description best suits him will be argued with increasing heat when he comes to address the annual meeting of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, especially if his enemies follow through with their threats to heckle and picket him on his first visit to the US.

Fidel Castro: Rebel Liberator or Dictator?
by Jules Dubois
(Bobbs-Merrill; $5)

Fidel Castro will become a still more controversial figure as he struggles with Cuba's formidable economic crisis, tries to put through his ambitious but hazily-conceived reform program, and makes Cuba a base for revolutions against other Latin American dictatorships.

Jules Dubois' book, the first full account of the Cuban revolution, seeks to clear Castro of the charges that he is a butcher or a Communist, accusations made repeatedly by the overthrown dictator, Fulgencio Batista, and picked up recently by Drew Pearson and a few other writers. Dubois does not, however, give more than a carefully qualified answer to his own question whether Castro is a liberator or a dictator. His picture of the Cuban premier shows him to be a complex and inconsistent person—idealistic, dynamic, enthusiastic, magnetic, emotional, impulsive, verbose, vengeful illogical and at times badly disorganized.

Getting this book into print so soon was a remarkable feat of writing and publishing. It records events up through February, and its last page is dated March 7. Reviewers' copies were mailed out in two installments—the first half a week before that date and the second half two weeks later. Such speed left some gaps, but it also retained a candor that may be lost in later, more carefully organized appraisals of the Cuban revolution.

Like many revolutions, the Cuban uprising received adequate press coverage only after it had won. Most Americans, as well as many Cubans, learned only after Batista had fled on New Year's Day about the extent of political imprisonment, torture and assassination under the dictatorship. Dubois performs the service of telling the whole story of the revolution, from Batista's seizure of power in 1952, through Castro's abortive attack on the Moncada fortress July 26, 1953 (the date that provided a name for his 26th of July Movement), through his quixotic naval landing on Cuba's southeast coast December 2, 1956, through the 25 months of guerrilla fighting in the Sierra Maestra Mountains, to the victory on New Year's day. The account establishes the climate of violence and documents some of the brutal torture and killing by Batista's regime that must form the background for any sensible judgment of the "war crimes" trials and executions that have stirred so much resentment against Castro in this country.

Dubois shows little sympathy with the American outcry against the executions, which now have passed the 500 mark by unofficial count. He points out, with logic, that world opinion might have been untroubled if the rebel troops had mowed down a thousand suspected torturers, killers and informers in the first three days without any semblance of trial, even though the victims could have included many innocent persons. Reserving or avoiding judgment himself, Dubois credits Castro with good motives in the executions but notes that "in some cases the people overran the courtrooms, often driven by a lust and a clamor for blood that was equivalent to the taking of justice into their own hands." A criterion developed, he says, that a rebel judge was honest and fair if the "war criminals were convicted" but in error if they were acquitted. As an example, he cites the case of the 44 Cuban airmen acquitted of charges of genocide growing out of the bombing of cities and towns of Oriente province. Dubois does not mention that Castro himself castigated the judge and insisted on a new trial.

No mention is to be found of relatively few summary executions without any trial whatsoever. In Santa Clara, for example, six men described as "known torturers" were grabbed when the rebels captured the military prison, herded into the back of a truck and machine gunned on the spot.

There is an inaccuracy in the account of the execution of the first big group of "war criminals," 71 officers, soldiers, police and members of a private army serving Batista, who were shot one morning outside Santiago de Cuba, dumped in a mass grave and buried by a bulldozer. Dubois writes that the trials were open to the public. Actually, the trial of only the first four was open to a limited number of spectators. The other 67 were found guilty by secret tribunals whose very existence was not made known until 24 hours after the executions.

Dubois calls attention to Castro's objections to the procedure at his own trial five years ago, when he was sent to prison after his attack on the Moncada fortress. Castro complained that he had only 10 minutes to speak with his attorney and that 100 machine guns and bayonets "scandalously invaded the hall of justice." Dubois could have pointed out that Maj. Jesus Sosa Blanco, tried by Castro's rebel judges in the Havana Sports Palace last January, was allowed only 16 minutes with his attorney before the trial began. Nor did Dubois note that Castro's bearded soldiers held loaded machine guns and sometimes bayonets in many of the "war crimes" trials, including the trial of the four defendants in Santiago de Cuba, in the same courtroom where Castro had been convicted.

ON the matter of Communist influences in the new government, Dubois goes to great lengths to explain Castro's active but scarcely Communistic part in the "Bogotazo," the riots of April 9, 1949, in Bogota, Colombia, which disrupted an inter-American conference attended by Gen. George C. Marshall as Secretary of State. Dubois convincingly refutes Batista's story that Castro killed six Roman Catholic priests in the disorders.

The book is less satisfying in dealing with the alleged pro-Communist tendencies of some of Castro's followers. Dubois quotes Fidel Castro's brother Raul as saying, "If I were a Communist, I

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would belong to that party and not to the 26th of July," rather than giving a full account of his background. Describing Ernesto "Che" Guevara's connection with the pro-Communist Arbenz government in Guatemala, Dubois quotes the rebel commander's claim that he offered to fight for the Arbenz government because he did not consider it a tool of Moscow. Dubois does not discuss reports that Guevara at one time took extended political and military training in Prague.

If Dubois exhibits something of a proprietary air toward the revolution, this is not without justification. He sometimes makes news as well as writing it. As chairman of the Executive Committee on Censorship of the inter-American Press Association, he was continually labeling Batista's government undemocratic and protesting against restrictions on transmission of news. He interviewed Castro in the early days of his movement, carried messages for him and was admitted to rebel secrets.

Sometimes known as "the Duke of Panama" through his long experience as Latin American correspondent for *The Chicago Tribune*, Dubois is probably the best known North American reporter in Central and South America and has become a controversial figure himself. To many Cubans he is a hero of the Castro revolution, but an occasional placard was to be seen last January at mass demonstrations for Castro demanding "Dubois go home!"

Politics and Politicians

by Eugene J. McCarthy

THE POLITICAL experience and political background of R. H. S. Crossman and Stimson Bullitt are quite different. So, too, are the contents of their books. Mr. Crossman is in politics as a member of the British House of Commons, but he is not really *of* politics. He sees himself as a "self-confessed intellectual" — an Oxford don who stands in the wings and passes judgment on the politicians who are performing on the stage. Mr. Bullitt, on the other hand, is a young lawyer from Seattle who is of politics, but has never been *in* politics in the sense that he has never been elected to major office nor held a high party position.

To Be a Politician, by Stimson Bullitt (Doubleday; $3.50)
The Charm of Politics, by R. H. S. Crossman (Harper; $4)

Mr. Crossman's book, a collection of some thirty essays on politicians, political commentators and political decisions of the last twenty years, is the more interesting of the two, but it is certainly more difficult to review, for each essay is quite unrelated to the others and no one essay pretends to be a full study of the problem or of the person. Taken altogether the book is mistitled. Mr. Crossman's comments on politics and on politcians are interesting, stimulating, challenging, almost anything but charming. The best essays, in my judgment, are those included in one section of the book under the general title of "Pundits." By nature, Mr. Crossman is most at home with the political commentators, the analysts and the scholars. In this section, in separate essays, he discusses some of the political ideas of George Kennan and Walter Lippmann, the views of a number of English writers and commentators including Professor E. H. Carr and Professor Arnold Toynbee, and even reaches out to comment on the political ideas of Albert Camus.

In dealing with politicians, Mr. Crossman is inclined to take a particular decision or a particular trait of character and to use it as a measure of the whole man; or first he may generalize about the character of the individual and then explain his every action in terms of that generalization. For example, he says that the moral strength of Roosevelt was that he could without a twinge of conscience do all the dirty tricks required of a political leader. I question the accuracy of that observation. In any case, if this was Roosevelt's strength, one can hardly agree that it was his *moral* strength. Nor would it explain all of the political acts of FDR. Mr. Crossman describes Neville Chamberlain as frustrated, arrogant, single-minded and willing to appease everything and everyone in order to safeguard the Conservative party. If Neville Chamberlain was the man Mr. Crossman says he was, his actions as prime minister and specifically his actions at Munich are understandable. Yet, he could have acted as he did as prime minister though his character was something quite different from that ascribed to him by Mr. Crossman. Of many such comments, one is inclined to say "Interesting if true." The best essay (perhaps because it is the kindest) is that on Clement Attlee.

In general the essays on American and British politicians seem to disprove Mr. Crossman's thesis that in England the party is most important and that loyalty to party is the key to success, while in America he party is of secondary importance and disloyalty almost necessary to success. The individuality of the British politicians of whom Mr. Crossman writes appears to be much more important as a political force than the parties they represent, and individuality in the American politician is less important.

Certainly one cannot fail to be entertained by a reading of this book, and Mr. Crossman's observations might serve to sustain opinions which the reader has already held while others might, of course, raise doubts and questions.

THERE IS a danger that reviewers, finding in a book things that they as well as nearly everyone else has said or thought on a relatively simple subject, are inclined to credit the author with great understanding and insight. What Mr. Bullitt has to say about politics is generally true and generally quite obvious. It has been said many times by essayists, political scientists, newspaper reporters and columnists. If the reader of Mr. Bullitt's book were to insert the word *some* before the word *politician* each time that the latter word is used in the book, the total effect would be much closer to reality.

I must, however, take exception to several of Mr. Bullitt's most sweeping generalizations. He says, "Men and women are drawn into politics by a combination of motives; these include power, glory, zeal for contention or success, duty, hate, oblivion, hero worship, curiosity and enjoyment of the work" and

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later, "Many men enter politics because they want to be the center of attention." I disagree, or perhaps I should say agree only to the extent that these motives may influence the entrance of a person into any profession and his actions within almost any profession. A more pertinent motivation with regard to entrance into politics is, it seems to me, a basic interest in civic affairs coupled with fortunate and sometimes almost accidental circumstances. There is, I believe, a streak of idealism in most men who hold public office and a genuine belief, sometimes not very clearly expressed, that their efforts are in some way related to the common good. Mr. Bullit repeats a rather popular statement that many good men shrink from politics because they could be ruined by ruthless and vindictive enemies. I know of no "good men" who have avoided politics for this reason. In general, this argument, if it can be called that, is an excuse rather than a sound or widely accepted reason.

In my opinion, Mr. Bullitt generalizes too sweepingly about politicians and politics. Mr. Crossman, on the contrary, makes his particular judgments about politicians and political decisions too easily. Judgment before one is fully or even adequately informed—is a common fault among politicians and among those who discuss politicians and politics. It characterizes as well these two commentators and their essays on politics and politicians.

Capitalism Without Capitalists

by Robert Lekachman

A VETERAN JOURNALIST and one-time daily book reviewer for *The New York Times*, John Chamberlain has in recent years devoted himself to the vigorous intellectual defense of conservative capitalism in such respectable organs as *Fortune* and *The Wall Street Journal* and such wilder periodicals as *The Freeman* and William Buckley's *National Review*. In the not very distinguished company of right-wing polemicists, Mr. Chamberlain is outstanding in at least three ways: he is familiar with the literature of capitalist apologetics and anti-capitalist invective, his style is lively and frequently entertaining, and he is willing to attribute to his opponents good characters and honorable motives.

The Roots of Capitalism
by John Chamberlain
(Van Nostrand; $5.50)

Even though his latest book (*The Roots of Capitalism*, embodies all of these pleasant virtues, it is an odd performance. As a book, it falls into two not very closely connected essays. The first is a rapid survey of classical economics: Smith, Malthus, Ricardo, and Mill. The second, a discussion of contemporary American capitalism, emphasizes the great industrial figures who altered the American landscape. Here the heroes are Frederick Taylor, the apostle of scientific management, and Henry Ford, admired by Mr. Chamberlain not only because of his assembly line innovations, but also because he gave meaning to the notion of consumer capitalism by raising the wage of his workers from $3 to $5 per day. In this second part of his book, Mr. Chamberlain drops the economists into the background except as the targets of criticism for their failure to understand the nature of American capitalism and their propensity for giving invidious names to wholesome phenomena—names like oligopoly and monopolistic competition to the phenomenon of energetic business rivalry.

As a brief introduction to the history of economic thought, the book is very faulty. While Smith is rated high because he was an optimist, Ricardo is condemned because he failed to understand capitalist dynamics and thought that labor was the source of value, and Malthus is not forgiven for his pessimism about population pressure. Although the marginal economists of the 1870s and later are praised because they explained value in terms of consumer satisfaction rather than labor expended in production, the true heroes of Mr. Chamberlain's tale turn out to be the decidedly minor American economists Henry Carey and General Francis Walker, and the second-rate French pamphleteer Frederic Bastiat. For such strange judgments, Mr. Chamberlain has a reason; if a minor economist can be interpreted to support free enterprise and encourage optimism about its prospects, then he merits praise. If a great economist adopts negative attitudes on these points, then he deserves little attention. If I were Mr. Chamberlain, I would ponder the fact that so many great economists have been skeptical about the unequivocal merits of free enterprise.

Few approaches to this subject can be less historical or less respectful to ideas. One example will suffice. In *The Roots of Capitalism*, Adam Smith appears as a prophet of contemporary capitalism. Yet as readers of *The Wealth of Nations* will recall, Smith actually distrusted businessmen, judged the corporation an inefficient and undesirable form of organization, constructed or rather cribbed from Diderot an example of the division of labor which entirely omitted machinery, and sympathized primarily with laborers and country gentlemen. Since Mr. Chamberlain knows all of this as well as anyone else, how does he manage to ignore it? He does so by regarding considerations such as these as footnotes, minor reservations to the glorious theme of capitalist expansion. It is hardly necessary to add that this is to misread Smith in the interests of one's own preconceived ideas. No doubt this enthusiastic tendency to find support for free enterprise where he can explains why Mr. Chamberlain interprets the Ten Commandments primarily as defense of private property, an unusual approach to the Decalogue.

As for the book's description of American capitalism, amazing is the word. Although Mr. Chamberlain has a good many shrewd things to say about the failure of economists to fit many contemporary phenomena into their models, his own conclusions are more nearly a tribute to the power of positive thinking than an accurate inference from the facts. What Mr. Chamberlain ignores above all is the fact of private power. No doubt liberals occasionally underestimate the coercive potentialities of even a democratic state, but it is doubtful whether any liberal in the moment of his largest lapse from reality goes as far as Mr. Chamberlain does in

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denying the existence, prevalence, and danger of private corporate power. What disturbs many economists is more than the capacity of companies like General Motors to manipulate prices in their own interest: it is the power which such enormous organizations have over their workers, suppliers, and customers—not to mention over the communities in which they exist. How to control and curtail private social and economic power is one of the largest unresolved problems of our time. In ignoring it, in describing the modern American economy as a simple extension and glorification of the ancient concepts of capitalism was in the 19th Century, Mr. Chamberlain is guilty of writing a scenario with no leading character. This is *Hamlet* without the Prince, Engels without Marx, and American capitalism without the 200 largest corporations.

MOVIES

The Twenties Roar Again

Compulsion (20th Century-Fox)
Al Capone (Allied Artists)

BY COINCIDENCE three current films deal with Chicago in the Twenties. The first, *Some Like It Hot*, (NR, March 30) is comic; the others are not. All three are worth seeing.

Compulsion was made from Meyer Levin's novel about the Leopold-Loeb case, which was good, second-class Dreiser. The film, written by Richard Murphy and directed by Richard Fleischer, assures us from the start of seriousness and intelligence, technical skill and honesty. (The last virtue is worshipped so devoutly that most of the young people are shown with spotty complexions.) Why then is the picture less than completely satisfactory?

Because, I believe, the power of its conception was not as sure as the power of its execution. First, the film is schizoid. For three-quarters of its length, it is an intense clinical study of two warped minds. This study eventually becomes gratuitous; after an hour or so, we find ourselves asking: "Whereto tends all this?" Then the boys are arrested for murder, the defense lawyer enters, and it becomes a different picture, one with a theme: a plea for understanding of the deranged and a blow against the futility and immorality of capital punishment.

Second, from the purely narrative aspect, the point of view shifts twice in the film. Most of the time we see matters through the two boys' eyes; then we slide over to the viewpoint of the district attorney trying to solve the frivolous crime; then we abandon both the D.A. and the boys to look through the defense lawyer's eyes. The first fault makes us a bit restless through the middle of the picture, and the second prohibits a sense of organic unity; but despite these drawbacks, the dialogue and acting are so good, the direction so keen, and the editing so fresh that the film is far above the general run.

Bradford Dillman is effective as the brilliant, impatient, hysterical Artie (Loeb). Dean Stockwell, the hero-worshipper, creates convincingly a turmoil of weakness and bewildered love. Diane Varsi, as the girl he likes, conveys a womanliness beyond her years. And Orson Welles, now a fat cartoon of his younger self, gives his best screen performance since *Citizen Kane* as the defense lawyer, modeled on that secular saint, Clarence Darrow.

To Welles falls the acting plum of the film, his summation, which he makes a quiet *tour de force*. He has changed the boys' innocent plea to guilty in order to be rid of a jury which he knew to be hopelessly prejudiced. (Darrow himself wrote of this case: "In a terrible crisis there is only one element more helpless than the poor, and that is the rich." Any jury would not only have been inflamed by newspaper vengeance but determined to prove that the boys couldn't escape hanging because they were rich.) Welles, addressing only the judge who, he knows, cannot be swayed by histrionics, delivers an address of ten or twelve minutes—an enormous time for the theatre—and delivers it simply, lucidly, movingly; speaks as if in the confessional box of his life; asks the judge not to help petrify civilization where it stands by putting these boys to death. At the end, after the sentence of life imprisonment is passed (and after a tiny sop to religion which would have made Darrow ill), we feel that we have witnessed a millimeter of the progress of the race.

Al Capone is not merely another gangster picture. The ancient ploy for gangster films is to revel in spitting tommy guns and then to tack on a final moral about the wages of sin. This film is a gripping history of a clever beast who is such from the beginning, and demonstrates the significance of the Capone era in setting the stage for contemporary "legitimate" crime—for nowadays really big criminals consider dope, prostitution *et al.* as small change and dedicate themselves to such businesses as juke boxes and trucking.

Lucien Ballard's photography, Richard Wilson's direction, and the script by Malvin Wald and Henry Greenberg establish well the nightmare of the apes taking over the zoo. In the title role Rod Steiger, less affected than usual, gives a burly, shrewd delineation; we occasionally see him straining to avoid acting clichés, but it is a creative piece of work. Nehemiah Persoff exhibits for the third time in recent months (the others being in the latest Cagney and Monroe films) his portrait of an Italian hood. It is a very good portrait—and done here best of all—but Persoff is too capable to be limited this way.

The surprise performance is that of Fay Spain as the widow of a man slain by Capone who then meets her and is attracted to her. There follows a remarkable encounter, reminiscent of the wooing of Lady Anne in *Richard III*. Reluctantly, she lets herself be convinced that Capone was not her husband's murderer and becomes his mistress. Later, she gets proof of his crime and, in a superb hysterical scene, breaks free of him.

Has some sociologist, unafraid of the vicious sentimentality and chauvinism of ethnic groups, explored the relationship between mass immigration and mass crime? Has he not found it true that some immigrants looked on this country as a vast grab-bag and, in a demonic act of revenge for centuries of oppression and poverty, set out to plunder? No one doubts that this country's strengths are largely built on nineteenth-

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century immigration; it is equally hard to doubt that a root cause of our ingrained, widespread cancer of crime is the juxtaposition of great wealth with great numbers of the newly-liberated starved and brutish. This film does not touch on root causes, but as a picture of results—both immediate and long-range—it does well indeed.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

THEATRE

Tennessee Williams' Best

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS is a man whom we pay to have our nightmares for us. If he dreams them well and tells them well, he performs a therapeutic function: to purge hidden anxieties by exposing them to the light of public recognition. If he tells the dream exceedingly well, he does more: he leads one into the realm where dream encounters myth, where the language of the unconscious begins to sound like the language of the oldest memories of mankind.

Sweet Bird of Youth
by Tennessee Williams
(Martin Beck Theatre)

In *Sweet Bird of Youth,* Williams has dreamed well and told the dream with daring and power unequaled in his previous work. No small part of the credit is due to Elia Kazan, the director, and Jo Mielziner, designer. They help carry directly to the audience emotions of sorrow and fear. These flow, as they must, from the play's relentlessly pagan view.

Chance Wayne is a young man whose sexual attractiveness is his *raison d'être*. He is traveling as the paid companion of a has-been movie queen, a wreck of a woman trying to drown in alcohol, dope, and sex the memory of her recent Hollywood failure. As drawn by Williams and played by Geraldine Page, Ariadne del Lago is one of the modern theatre's inspired, fantastic characters—pathetic, ridiculous, yet heroic.

The pair have stopped at Saint Cloud, Chance Wayne's home town on the Gulf Coast, and have put up at the Royal Palms Hotel. Here Chance, who has always got by on love-making and charm, meets his nemesis. His girl, Heavenly Finley lives here, and his aim is to take her away.

In his pocket is a flimsy contract signed by Miss del Lago, which he thinks will put him on the road to stardom. Heavenly's father, however, is Boss Finley, biggest political force in the region. He has vowed that if Chance Wayne, who corrupted and diseased his daughter so that she had to suffer "a whore's operation," comes back to town, he will have him castrated.

This violent threat is delivered within five minutes after the curtain is up. The final curtain descends upon its imminent fulfillment. The action of the play is this: "to destroy the man."

The sexual vigor, if not the genuine masculinity, of this man is established in the first scene, in which he is used by the woman to satisfy her physical cravings. His inability to maintain himself in a hostile world is demonstrated thereafter when he conceives wild plans to blackmail his patroness and boasts foolishly of his "career" in sex and show business: "That's the deal for tonight, to toot those silver horns and drive *slowly* around in the Cadillac convertible so *everybody* that thought I was washed up will *see* me. And I have taken my false or true contract to flash in the faces of various people that called me washed up."

In the second act the forces of a brutal, "masculine," society are marshalled against him. In the bar and ballroom of the hotel a political rally shapes up, at which Boss Finley is to deliver a speech defending white supremacists who recently emasculated a "nigger." The act ends in an overwhelming theatrical *tour de force*, with Finley screaming racial hate from a giant TV screen on the cyclorama, the personal drama going on in silhouetted miniature before it. Williams describes with shattering insight the havoc which suppressed sexual drives can cause when they break out in the political realm.

The third act returns to the shelter of the hotel bedroom. It is night, the room is shown open to the sea. The movie queen has packed, having discovered she is not finished in Hollywood. She leaves. Those who will mutilate Chance Wayne appear. He accepts the inevitable: "I don't ask for your pity, but just for your understanding — not even that! No—just for your recognition of me in you, and the enemy, time, in us all!"

The play is a dream in which the psyche laments the disappearance and destruction of those gifts of life which time and violence attack. The bird of youth, whose sweetest quality is sexual vigor, always flies away. All force is destructive. Sex itself is debilitating. Chance Wayne complains that he is to be castrated twice on the same day, once at evening when the men of brutality close in upon him, and once in the morning when he satisfied the woman: "That can't be done to me twice. You did that to me this morning, here on this bed when I had the honor, where I had the great honor. . . . " To which Ariadne replies, "Age does the same thing to a woman."

ALTHOUGH some critics have been puzzled by the fact that the story unfolds on Easter day, the reason is plain. The action describes Easter turned upside down. It begins at morning when sleepers are awaking, it ends at evening in physical dismemberment. The movement is from "resurrection" to "crucifixion." Chance Wayne is a male figure of the Adonis type: an embodiment of the sexual principle who must be slain. In contrast to Easter, the rites of Adonis are rites of lamentation.

It may be that the movie queen's

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name, Ariadne, is meant to connect with the world of Greek mythology. Is this, perhaps, Ariadne at Naxos, left on the shore of despondency, distracted for a time from her woe by the deity of copulation? If so, the legend is ironically inverted, for it is she who now dominates him, and his "ritual saying" is increased in pathos because he is never anything other than a victim. In Ariadne del Lago, to be sure, there is a resurrection motif, for she passes from what she describes as hell to a new phase of life. Yet this is at most a counter-motif the main argument leading steadily toward dismemberment and lamentation.

In *Sweet Bird of Youth,* Williams deliberately turns away from any viewpoint which would break through the consistent pessimism of his theme. "I believe," he writes in a speech which sounds like a personal confession, "that the silence of God, the absolute speechlessness of Him, is a long, long and awful thing that the whole world is lost because of; I think it's yet to be broken to any man living or any yet lived on earth, no exceptions. . . ."

The view of life which he has been describing with increasing clarity since *A Streetcar Named Desire,* is an abandonment not only of Christian faith but of all significant concern for human society.

If time is indeed the enemy, there is no basis for hope. In Christian understanding, the Word of God redeemed time from its negativity. If Williams is right about the unbroken silence of God, lamentation for lost vigor is all that can remain.

TOM F. DRIVER

TELEVISION

"Hamlet" and Ben Hecht

TELEVISION is still pioneering in search of self-respect, and criticism of its good intentions, even when they are leading straight to hell is regarded as unfair, like whipping a slow child to make him read. But two recent sincere productions—*Hamlet* and *The Third Commandment*—were wildly applauded (a Congressman read his rave for the duPont *Hamlet* into the *Congressional Record*) for elevating television's taste, which the production actually damaged, being neither art nor honest television. They had split on their producers' fundamental lack of courage and self-respect. Praise for this sort of error is no way to teach the child to read; herewith my demurrers.

Hamlet is the greatest job of high-pressure steam-fitting in our literature, and to send a junior engineer wandering off through the works turning valves, disconnecting the Rosencrantz and cutting off the Guildenstern entails risk. In the duPont Show of the Month *Hamlet* this turned out to be the reduction of dramatic pressure to below the boiling point. The Old Vic's actors were able to raise only a melancholy banging in the pipes, thereby lending comfort to the Yahoos, whose voice in these parts is in the mouth of Jack Lait, Jr., the Hearst television man. "Most people," he wrote, "would rather take a whipping than sit through Shakespeare."

Producer-Director Ralph Nelson's task began with stuffing *Hamlet's* three and a half hours into 72 minutes, a job which he carried out on the assumption the audience was going to hate it—a common attitude among the high-minded, and a form of condescension that almost always communicates itself to the audience and is returned in waves of hot ingratitude. Nelson set about emphasizing the "melodrama and action" in the play, to bring out its appeal to the big audience, "the people who associate Shakespeare with everything dull. I'd like to cut out things like the 'To be or not to be' soliloquy because it doesn't advance the story at all," he said.

This is, of course, a gross misunderstanding of the drama, which gains its force from the acceleration of action against the maddening and self-destructive inertia of the hero. Nelson fell into

Notes on Contributors

HONOR TRACY is the author of *The Straight and Narrow Path* and other novels. RICHARD DUDMAN, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* correspondent, was in Cuba covering the first trials after Castro's victory. EUGENE J. MC CARTHY is US Senator from Minnesota.

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the ordinary error of mistaking movement for dramatic action, the error that makes mediocre script writers pack their people in and out of doors and set them kicking each other in the stomach without bothering to think why. Nelson is accepting suspense for drama, a poor exchange. And his cuts left the residue of action meaningless. For the people who know and love the play it was discouraging; for those who were seeing it for the first time it must have been puzzling and dull to the point of—well a whipping would have been better.

Nelson had a brilliant idea when he wrote a synopsis of *Hamlet* as a Western. Here is where he met the challenge of his medium, and quailed—he turned it into a joke for the publicity boys. Shakespeare would have been pleased with the bloody possibilities of a frontier town. Nelson might have begun his job with the idea the audience was going to love it, that in fact he was going to create the greatest Western ever made, which raised in the mind of the audience an awesome sense of the beauty and size of man's predicament through their interest in the forthcoming gunfight between Hamlet and Laertes, and the exacting test of the guilt of the new Sheriff for the murder of the old. He might have, but he didn't.

Hamlet was well enough understood by the Elizabethan masses, the task of adapting Shakespeare to the mass audience is not a matter of reducing him. What is needed is a translation into the terms of our own mass theatre. We can do without ghosts and Elizabethan gags; we need the speeches that tell us why Hamlet hesitates to take arms, and the rhythm of speech and construction that sweeps along the action against him.

We did not get them. And now some millions walk about hating Shakespeare in the company of those who read 50-page adaptations of *A Tale of Two Cities* in school and believe they know Dickens.

Ben Hecht's experiment with *The Third Commandment* on *Kaleidoscope* satisfied everything but art, with the result that NBC has commissioned a series, to be produced by Jess Oppenheimer, once a principal on the *I Love Lucy* show, based on the Ten Commandments. It is a mad notion with comic overtones. Shows are ordinarily made in blocks of 13 or 26, raising the possibility of three new commandments, or, if things go well, sixteen. The first of the series (Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain) was widely praised by television critics who know nothing about drama except that Ben Hecht has written a lot of it and once was paid $3,500 a day to write a movie. They know Hecht hates compromise, hypocrisy and Hollywood sentimentality; he has said so.

The Third Commandment was contrived of silly and unlikely ideas about why humans act as they do, as awash in treacle as a June Allyson movie. What was more shocking was that it lacked even the polish and sting Hecht has been able to muster in the past, suggesting that as he grows older the spun sugar innards are beginning to show through the veneer of the brash and cynical Chicago reporter, a part and a public myth Hecht invented himself and has played to perfection down the years. When Hecht makes his embittered writer turned faith healer begin to drink because his conscience pricks, we are seeing a standard plot notion worn smooth in a thousand story conferences. We are suddenly aware that Hecht's conception of reality includes the same tired nonsense he professes to hate; unhappy people always drink too much, sophisticated people are unhappy, clergymen are dull, wooden and sincere, etc., *ad nauseam*. Trifling about with this stuff, Hecht never came to grips with the issue at all, and it is too serious to be trifled with. Post-Renaissance Europe was laid in smoking ruins by heresies hinging on the third commandment, and when Shaw turned his mind to it he wrote *Saint Joan*. The wonder of it all is that Hecht is thought of as an enemy of Hollywood; he is only its self-conscious dyspeptic embodiment, and calling him in for serious work is to admit the best television can offer is ordinary movie hackwork.

FRANK R. PIERSON

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A Communication

(Continued from page 3)

candidly that the "Limey's" ability comes to him and the majority of his fellow-Americans as a surprise.

Though you may not agree with this, I think that your English contemporary, *The New Statesman*, does a great disservice and shows little sense of responsibility in constantly denigrating the Prime Minister and trying to ridicule him as a figure of fun. It is also very silly—for Macmillan is very far from being a fool. It is with the aim of giving a fairer picture of this man that I write you, since I have the honor of knowing something of him personally (there is some advantage in having the Prime Minister as one's publisher).

In the first place, Macmillan is not a "Limey" in any restricted sense of that word. On one side he is a Highland Scot; on his mother's side he is American (she came from Indiana). And that is important, though the American side in Macmillan's personality may not be so obvious and so strong as it is in Churchill. It means that Macmillan has, what Eden had not got, an instinctive feeling for American ways of thinking and doing.

Mr. Johnson is also not quite right in describing Macmillan as an aristocrat. Though he married into the aristocracy, he is himself a middle-class businessman, and in fact only three generations from the very poor Highland Scot croppers who made the great publishing firm of Macmillan. It *is* true that he is a gentleman and a man of his word, and that has its advantages—as Khrushchev found.

It is not an easy task to sum up Macmillan's personality, for he is not an intimate man—that too has its advantages, especially in dealing with Russians. The Labour Opposition does not like Macmillan, as they seem to like his second-in-command, R. A. Butler. But that may be partly because they have taken Butler's measure. They have evidently not got Macmillan's measure even yet, and he has certainly surprised them.

But something more is involved as between Macmillan and Butler. I remember Macmillan saying to me a few years ago that the real division in the Conservative Party then was between Chamberlainites and Churchillians. That is, between those who went in for appeasing Hitler and those who resisted appeasement. R. A. Butler was a Chamberlainite, while Macmillan went to all lengths in opposing appeasement. He even refused his Party's Whip, and jeopardized his whole future with the Conservative Party by opposing its line. You are dealing here with a man who has moral and political courage.

On the other hand, he is and always has been, a progressive—the very reverse of a hide-bound reactionary. Some may have forgotten that between the wars he was the leader of a young group of Conservatives who put forward their ideas in a book, *Industry and the State*, which went half-way to meet the Socialist position. Macmillan was all in favor of the public corporation and the welfare state. Here also, he was out of step, and ahead of, his own party. But this, too, shows a man who is capable of thinking things out for himself and taking his own line.

Yet he is flexible-minded. Indeed the most remarkable thing about Macmillan —and hardly anybody has noticed this— is that of all political leaders in Britain he is the most *forward-looking*. . . . Though Hugh Gaitskell is trying hard to give Labour a New Look, nearly all his colleagues, especially perhaps Bevan, are engrossed in fighting the battles of past.

Now Macmillan has never been mesmerized by the clichés and conflicts of the past. He is that very rare thing in politics—a man who is concerned with the issues of the future. And this without being doctrinaire, as such men have been apt to be; witness Shelbourne and Jefferson. What works out best for people dominates his mind, not just abstract ideas . . . or even ethics and morality so favored by Mr. Dulles. History is Macmillan's favorite reading; Gibbon, Macauley, Fronde, Trevelyan, not popular comics or detective stories.

For Macmillan is not just any Oxford man, as your correspondent notes; he is a Balliol man—the most intellectual of Oxford colleges. Though the son of a rich man, Macmillan was an exhibitioner of Balliol—something of a blue ribbon at Oxford—and got his First Class degree with the best. There followed gallant war-service in World War I—though that was less exceptional; what was exceptional for the Englishmen of his class and background, was to have survived.

If I were to attempt to sum up a man by no means easy to sum up, I should say: a very able man of business, with imagination, genuine friendliness and generosity. He is a fellow of good will, as we say, a good fellow, though not a man to be put upon. Though he has not a spark of malice in him, he is a man of principle: though a good-tempered man who enjoys life, he is not a man to take liberties with. We must remember, too, his . . . skill and long experience as a negotiator. Remember his wartime experience in the Mediterranean as our political chief there, while Eisenhower was in military command. It is a good thing that these two have worked together before and know they can trust each other. Macmillan is at least the equal intellectually to anyone the Labour Party can put forward on the scene of international affairs. That being so, it would be a better service to our friends and allies over here to present a more just and true picture of the man on whom much depends, rather than the caricature they choose to depict.

A. L. ROWSE

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